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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Our Youthful Home.

Brother whate'er the world hath taught—
Howe'er diverse our feet may roam—
Our love can enter in our thought,
Which leads us to our youthful home.

An humble roof with honest hearts—
Contentment, graced with willing hands,
More beauty to a home imparts
Than heritage of house or lands.

What though no art our windows stain,
Nor costly carpets spread the floor,
The lilacs peeped in through the pane—
The grass grew green about the door.

No paintings graced our narrow hall
With mimic mountain, wood or rill—
The greatest Master of them all
Had hung his work on every hill.

From boughs, where robins build and sing,
Like snow, the apple blossoms fell;
The wild grape twined above the spring,
The poplars shook above the well.

The sparrow built his modest nest,
And sang no song prescribed by rule;
The swallow smoothed his slaty crest,
Or dipped it in the crystal pool.

The little plot our mem'ries till,
Bright poppy-bloom and saffron yields;
The wild rose gems the crazy hill,
And yarrow clothes the scanty fields.

Some sunny gleams our hearts recall
That vernal time cannot decay;
Some shadows of our mem'ries fall
That sunlight ne'er can chase away.
—James Judson, *Lord in Springfield, Ill., Journal.*

A NEW, MODERN PRODIGAL SON.

AFTER YEARS OF SEPARATION, UN-
LIKE THE PRODIGAL OF THE
BIBLE, THE BOY RETURNS HOME
RICH AND PROSPEROUS.

The old man paused in the door
way of the barn. A strange figure
confronted him. A man was sit-
ting on the fence lazily swinging
his long legs.

"Dinner's ready, dad."
The old man slightly started and
his keen gray eyes rested on the
stranger's face.

"It's Jim, is it?"

"It's Jim. How's dad?"

"No complaint." The old man
paused and firmly smiled. "Come
back hungry?"

"Very hungry, dad."

"I said you would."

There was a note of triumph in
the old man's voice.

"That's what you said, dad. You
were right. I am hungry. Been
getting up an appetite for the last
one-and-twenty years."

He slipped down from the fence,
a tall man with a little stoop in
his shoulders and a tinge of gray in
his thick hair, and fell into step
with the older man.

"Things haven't changed much,"
said the father.

"You haven't, dad."

The rugged old features relaxed
in a frosty smile.

"That cord of hickory wood you
ran away from waited for you for
twenty years. I sawed it myself
last year."

"Sorry, dad. I always meant to
come back and finish the job. But
no doubt the wood grew tired wait-
ing."

"I grew tired waiting," said the
old man.

There was a little silence.

"How has the world used you,
dad?"

"I told you I make no complaint.
I've still got my health and I've got
this farm. It keeps your aunt and
me. I owe \$500 borrowed money."

"Secured by mortgage?"

"No. My personal note." He
paused and looked at his son. "I've
no money to lend," he said. "And
none to invest."

The stranger laughed.

"Good," he said. "That's a very
fair warning." He looked at the
old man's bent figure. "Any objec-
tion to shaking hands with me, dad?"

The old man hesitated.

"I've been waiting a long time to
have you come back and say you
were sorry for disobedience," he
said.

"Of course, I'm sorry, dad," the
younger man cried, and their hands
met. "And yet I know I should
certainly do it all again."

The old man's face hardened.

"You're worse than the prodigal,"
he harshly murmured. "He re-
pent."

They were near the porch. They
had walked slowly. An elderly
woman who was watching them,
came from the kitchen and awaited
their approach.

The younger man smiled and
waved his hand.

"Aunt Mary wears well," he said.

The older man slightly nodded.

The woman on the porch regarded
them anxiously.

"Jim has changed a good deal,
hasn't he, Abner?"

"No," the old man sharply
replied, "he hasn't."

The woman softly sighed.

"Dinner is waiting," she said.

It was not a cheerful meal, al-
though the newcomer did something
toward relieving the depression.

The old man said but little and
when the meal was ended he arose,
and muttered something about
work that required his attention and
left the newcomer with Aunt Mary.

"Father doesn't forget," the
stranger said.

"No," said the woman. "He
has little to think about and that's
one of the memories that comes the
closest to him."

"Poor old dad. Perhaps you
don't know that I have written to
him several times and received no
answer. But I've managed to keep
posted regarding his health and his
prosperity. Can you keep a secret,
Aunt Mary?"

"I should enjoy the sensation of
trying," she smilingly answered.

"You know he had borrowed
\$500?"

"Yes."

"Well, I loaned it to him."

"You, Jim?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary. I found out
he was a little pinched for money
and so I sent the stuff to Squire
Allen and told him to offer it to dad.
See, here's the canceled note. Put
it where he'll find it some day."

The woman regarded him with a
dazed expression.

"For mercy sake, Jim Halford,
don't tell me you've prospered!"

"I can't complain, Aunt Mary."

"It will break your father's heart
to know it, Jim. He's been cling-
ing to the idea all these years that
you would come back poor and
hungry."

"I can't help that, Aunt Mary.
Fortune has been very kind to me."

The woman suddenly laughed.

"It's quite too good to be true.
Did you make it out of poetry or
story writing?"

The man laughed merrily.

"I gave all that up long ago," he
answered. "I'm a serious man of
business now. Father didn't like
my poetry, did he?"

"He said it would bring you to
rags and the poorhouse. I heard
him say it many times."

"Father didn't understand me.
We didn't understand each other.
But there; that's a bygone that can't
be recalled."

"And you've prospered, Jim
Halford! I'm almost as much sur-
prised as Brother Abner will be.
But I tell you, Jim, it's going to
hurt him dreadfully when he knows
it. He's set his old heart on seeing
you come back poor and worthless."

"I'll have to break it to him by
degrees, Aunt Mary. I think he'll
get over it in time. Anyway, I
can't say I'm sorry to disappoint
him."

"But he wants you to be sorry,
Jim. The other prodigal was sorry,
you know. I can't tell you how
many times your father has taken
down the Bible and read that story.
It seems to comfort him."

"The other prodigal," said the
man very gently, and then he
smiled.

When the old man returned there
seemed to be a softened look on his
face.

"I've been over to the ceme-
tery," he presently said. "I want-
ed to see that your mother's grave
was in good shape. I thought maybe
you'd like to go over and see it."

"Thank you, dad. Of course I
will go."

"You can find it without any
trouble. I've put a simple little
monument over it."

"That's not the only monument
that bears mother's name," he said.
The old man looked up.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Have you ever heard of the
Emily Halford Home for Friendless
Girls?"

The old man's eyes opened wide
and he slowly shook his head.

"It is in a great western city in a
beautiful park. There are more
than a hundred girls within its
sheltering walls who otherwise
might be homeless in the streets."

The old man opened his lips as if
to speak. A troubled look came

over his face and he turned away.

That evening after the quiet
supper the elder Halford brought
out the great family Bible and im-
pressively read aloud the story of
the Prodigal Son, and in the dim
shadow beyond the range of the
lamp the new prodigal sat and
listened. When the reading was
done and the great book was re-
verently closed, the younger man
looked up.

"Thank you, dad," he said.

The old man looked towards him
and slowly shook his head. Then
he sighed and replacing the Bible
on its shelf, took a candle from the
window ledge and gave it to his
son.

"You will sleep in your old
room," he said.

"Good night," said the young
man, as he slowly put out his hand.
The old man hesitated.

"Good night," he said, and they
solemnly shook hands.

"I hope your dreams will not be
unpleasant," said the old man a
little grimly.

"I hope so, dad."

But somehow the dreams did not
come. He was restless and his
mind was busy. He remembered
his boyhood, his mother's early
death, his father's severity, his
flight from home, his early strug-
gles.

His father had quite failed to
understand him. No doubt he was
a disappointment to him. Then he
broke the bonds and flung himself
into the unknown sea of the great
world outside.

He felt sorry for that boy long
ago. And yet he felt no anger at
the father who had misunderstood
him. He thought that he was kind,
that he was doing for the best.

No man could question his
father's honesty of purpose. Poor
old man. How unlike he was to
that father of the Bible story. The
thinner smiled. And how unlike
he himself was to the prodigal son.

The clang of a distant bell
aroused him. He went over to the
window. There was a dull red glow
over the village in the valley below.
It was a fire. The glow deepened
as he stood there. It was a serious
fire, serious in that little hamlet of
frame dwellings and ancient meth-
ods of fire fighting. The man at
the window turned and hurried into
his clothes.

As he reached the outer door he
encountered his father.

"What is it?" the latter asked.

"It looks like a bad fire. I'm
going down."

"I'll go with you," said the old
man. Side by side they hurried to
the scene of the glowing conflagra-
tion. It was indeed a threatening
blaze. Strong wind had risen and
several frame dwellings were burn-
ing furiously and the villagers
seemed quite powerless to stop the
progress of the flames. The old
hand engine had just arrived upon
the scene and the men were man-
ning the brakes.

The younger Halford seemed to
stiffen up suddenly and the new
color came into his face.

"Here's work for me, dad," he
cried. "Look out for yourself."

He pushed into the crowd of
dazed spectators.

"You must get outside help," he
shouted; "if you don't your town
is doomed." They stared around
at him. "There's not a moment to
lose. Where is the nearest fire
steamer?"

"At Angora," a voice replied.

"Telegraph to Angora at once."

"The office is locked and the
operator lives three miles away."

"We must break down the door.
I will telegraph."

A dozen men followed at his
heels. The door was crushed in
and Jim Halford called for help.
The reply came promptly. "They
will send their steamer as soon as
a locomotive can be fired up—in a
half hour at the outside."

And then he was up and back to
the scene of the conflagration.
And somehow it wasn't many min-
utes before he seemed to dominate
the whole affair. He encouraged
the firemen in their almost futile
efforts, he organized a line of bucket
men, he gave orders for the destruc-
tion of a barn that threatened the
spread of the flames in a new direc-
tion, he set the woman to work
preparing coffee and making sand-
wiches.

And nobody questioned his au-

thority, nobody rebelled against his
orders. It was a great emergency
that confronted the villagers. A
leader was needed. Jim Halford
seemed to have sprung out of the
very smoke clouds to succor these
frightened ones.

When the shrill shriek of the lo-
comotive echoed against the hill
Jim started on a run for the station
with a band of the younger villagers
at his heels. They joined the An-
gora men in unloading the fire
steamer and manned the ropes that
drew it to the scene.

"Hustle, lads," Jim shouted.

A stout man on the opposite rope
looked up quickly.

"Great scott!" he cried. "It's
Col. Jim Halford!"

"Who are you?" Jim shouted.

"I was Capt. Billy Manning.
I'm mayor of Angora now."

"Capt. Billy. Then you take
charge here."

"Not much. I'm still serving
under the colonel."

So Jim Halford remained in com-
mand, and with the coming of these
prayerfully received reinforcements
the march of the flames was
checked. It was daylight before the
danger was entirely past and the
fire fighters could rest from their
efforts.

A smoke blackened figure sud-
denly swooped down on old Abner
Halford.

"Hello, dad," a hoarse voice
cried, "now is it with you?"

The old man's voice trembled.

"It is well, my son. How is it
with you?"

And the hands of the two men
met.

"They want us to come over to
the Presbyterian Church, dad.
There's to be a business meet-
ing and a little thanksgiving on
the side. Come along."

It was a somewhat remarkable
gathering in the old brick church.
The early sun shone through the
stained glass windows on a motley
throng. Grimy hands were clutch-
ing sandwiches and blackened lips
were eagerly sipping cups of hot
coffee. The young minister fairly
smiled as he glanced upon the faces
below him, but it was a smile of
thankfulness. And it was a fervent
prayer of thankfulness that he ut-
tered, thanking first the giver of all
and his instruments, the helpers
from Angora, and that stranger
among them who seemed to have
been providentially raised up for
their deliverance.

Whereat the old man suddenly
drew a little closer to the younger
man at his side.

And then the business meeting
was opened, and the mayor of An-
gora arose and was greeted with a
cheer. He only wished to acknow-
ledge the thanks of the villagers and
to tell them how fortunate they were
in having that gallant soldier, Col.
Jim Halford, under whom he had
been proud to serve in Cuba, to lead
them in the hour of trial. Then the
cheers were quite deafening and the
grimy colonel walked slowly and re-
luctantly across in response to the
vigorous calls.

"I thank you," he said, "for your
appreciation of my efforts, but,
really, I am no more deserving of
praise than any other loyal son of
Grayville should be. This is my
old home. I was a boy here. The
village is dear to me, and I am truly
thankful that I could lend my aid
towards preserving it in its hour of
danger. But enough of this. Aid
of a different kind is required now.
There are the homeless to shelter,
the hungry to feed and the naked
to clothe. A fund is required for
this purpose. Grayville should not
go outside for help. Her sons will
stand by her now as they stood by
her when fire tried their mettle.
Mr. Chairman, will you permit me
to start that subscription roll with
the sum of \$1,000, given in the
name of Abner Halford, your fellow
townsman?"

The old man's hand clutched his
son's coat, but the younger man
caught it and held it fast.

And then the audience arose and
cheered as if it would never cease.

"You see, father," the younger
man said as they slowly trudged up
the long hill on their way back to
the farmhouse, "there is a new
fashion in prodigals." He softly
laughed. "All I hope for is that
the latter wanderer will be made
as welcome as the old one was."

"He is just as welcome, my son."

And the wrinkled old hand rest-
ed gently on the younger man's
arm.—W. R. Rose, in the *Cleveland
Plain Dealer.*

ST. LOUIS.

The chief event of the week was
the tenth annual masquerade ball
given by the Gallaudet Union at
Park and Compton Avenues, on the
16th. The perfect weather, cold
enough to freeze the muddy streets
yet without the biting northerner
that usually accompanies it brought
out a banner crowd, the largest
ever seen at a G. U. function,
which means all the more to the
Union's bank account. The writer
regrets that in the pleasure of meet-
ing so many friends, he neglected
to secure from many hearing people
who attended their names and the
costume worn. The judges, Mrs.
Bohn and Messrs. Hunter and
Rodeberger, selected to choose the
prettiest and most comic costumes,
selected that of Miss Herdman for
the former while Miss Young took
the award for the most comic. A
dusky Filipino in the person of Mr.
Chenery, received the committee's
award for the most comic on the
gentleman's side. The scarcity of
men maskers with the absence of
any conspicuous costume, decided
the committee not to make any
award for the most beautiful
costume for gentlemen.

Altogether it was one of the
pleasantest dances ever given by
the Gallaudet Union.

Miss Schum entertained the En-
clave Club on the evening of the
9th, and the usual good time was
had by all the members. Messrs.
Steidemann and West, and Misses
Herdman and Schum, having most
marks on their bellies, were award-
ed suitable prizes.

The Cloud household is rejoicing
in the possession of a servant girl
who bids fair to remain for several
months at least. Four active
children make one a necessity.

Louis Bauer has been appointed
an apprentice in Shaw's Garden,
one of the best botanical gardens in
the country. A natural aptitude
for such work as he possesses gives
a good future for him.

Mr. A. Rodeberger is at present
on the lookout for a job as a stone
carver. His father, for whom he
formerly worked, has shut up shop
and gone to Texas on other busi-
ness. Such a good workman will,
however, not have to wait long.

The Gallaudet Union held its regu-
lar meeting on the 15th. The Lit-
erary part of the meeting was given
by Messrs. Jones and Haig, and
Miss Schum.

Miss Bohn recently returned from
a visit to Tennessee.

A theatrical entertainment of a
series of comic plays will be given
on February 6th, at the Schuyler
Memorial House, 1210 Locust St.,
for the benefit of the Local Fund
of the N. A. D. Admission 15 cents.
Let all who can, come and make it
a success.

Rev. Cloud will deliver one of
his justly famous Shakespearean
lectures on the evening of the 30th,
at the Memorial House. Admission
10 cents. The proceeds of which
are also to go to the Local Fund.

Services will be continued to be
held in the Balfinger Chapel on 13th
Street, between Locust and Olive,
throughout the month, at 10:45 A.M.

Mr. Darney has resumed his
travels, this time going to Los
Angeles. It is hoped he will do some
pioneer work in spreading the
World's Fair.

The usual monthly social will be
held on the 27th, at the Mission
House.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor,
Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston,
D. D., every Sunday afternoon,
at 3:30 o'clock. A cordial wel-
come to all.

Bible Classes meet at four o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium
open to the members and their
friends every Friday, from 8 to
10 P.M.

OHIO.

The Inauguration Parade

TWO EX-GOVERNORS DEAD.

News Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent
to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B.
Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The chief event in Columbus this
past week, was the change of execu-
tives of the State Monday noon,
followed by a pageantry through
the streets to commemorate the
event. Immense crowds witnessed
the affair. School was dismissed at
the institution at noon, and the
pupils escorted by their teachers to
witness the parade on Third Street
between Broad and Town Streets.
It was a big affair—ten thousand
men marched in the procession.
A feature was the carrying by
veterans of both sides in the Civil
War of a flag 100 feet long.

The Columbus Press Club did
the handsome thing during the day
for the visiting newspaper men.
It kept "open house" where every
thing needed for the inner man,
and for playing his work was at his
command. And in the evening, at
the Great Southern Hotel, a smoker
was given by the Club to the Craft,
at which the retiring and incoming
Governor, Lieutenant Governor
Harding, Senator Hanna, and other
big men were guests and made ad-
dresses. The *Chronicle* editor and
the *Journal's* scribe had the pleas-
ure of being guests, and both can
truly say that the Columbus Press
Club knows how to take care of the
"pen and pushers."

Within a week Ohio has lost two
of its distinguished citizens, both
ex-governors, by death. Hon.
Charles Foster and Hon. Asa S.
Bushnell. Both had left their
respective homes to be present at
the inaugural ceremonies last Mon-
day, and both died away from their
homes. The first reached Spring-
field Friday, intending to come over
to Columbus Monday. He was
stricken with apoplexy that evening
and died the next day. Ex-Gov-
ernor Bushnell attended the inaugu-
ral exercises, and after the parade
while on his way to the Union
Station, was seized by the same
disease, and lingered 1:55 P.M.
Friday. During his term of office,
Governor Foster resided in what
was then known as the Miller res-
idence, just northwest of the insti-
tution grounds, and he made it his
custom to send over to the pupils a
supply of newspapers two or three
times a week for the pupils. Gov-
ernor Bushnell was especially a
good friend of the institution, and
the deaf. It was during his admin-
istration that the present beautiful
and commodious school building
was provided for and during his
visits to the institution he always
had a good word for every one con-
nected with it. The Home for the
Aged and Infirm Deaf has reason
to remember his generosity on
several occasions. The remains of
Ex-Governor Bushnell were con-
veyed to his former home, Spring-
field, Ohio, Friday noon. Supt.
Jones was one of the active pall-
bearers. The funeral will be held
next Monday afternoon.

Mr. Charles M. Kane, of Maumee,
came down Saturday to attend the
inaugural ceremonies. He visited
his friends at the institution while
here. He follows painting as an
occupation when the weather
permits such work being done.

Mr. Edward Conger, of N. Fair-
field, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs.
C. M. Rice from Sunday until Tues-
day evening. The inauguration
brought him down. His daughter
has become a teacher in the schools
of his county, having successfully
passed the county examinations.
Mr. Conger is a successful farmer
and proposes to stick to that occu-
pation despite city allurements.

Anent Quaker Brown's article on
expert lip readers, Mrs. C. M.
Rice has handed us the following:
"I'm not an expert lip reader but

I have not heard a sound for 33
years. Am a member of three socie-
ties composed entirely of hearing
people and I have never been taken
for a deaf person. I was educated
in the Ohio Institution and my lip
reading is guess work. I get there
all the same."

Miss Mary Watson, of Utica,
Licking Co., Ohio, who left the
school here in the early eighties was
here on a visit with her brother. It
was her first since leaving school.

Mrs. Frank Philpott, of Akron,
was the guest of Miss Edith Biggam
from Sunday to Monday. She was
on her way to visit her parents in
West Virginia for a few weeks.
She reported the Akron deaf as all
well and doing well.

Miss Kitty Munnell and Miss
Bertha Druggan commenced work
as folders in the State Bindery
Tuesday morning. Miss Minnie
Foster is visiting her mother up
near Toledo, but is expected back
soon as work in the bindery is pick-
ing up.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1904.
EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the unnumbered and the weak
Nearer the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most true,
Who love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

MUTE SCULPTOR.

A MICHIGAN DEAF-MUTE WHO IS PRODUCING FINE BAS RELIEFS OF NOTED MEN.

From the Detroit News-Tribune.

Talent is not confined to the man who is in possession of all his senses, as is shown by the excellent work in sculpture executed by Roy Culver Carpenter, the deaf-mute, of Flint, who recently delivered to W. C. McMillan, of this city, a bas-relief in bronze, of the late Senator James McMillan. The bas-relief was made from a photograph of Senator McMillan, and is extremely satisfactory, the bronze being pronounced by W. C. McMillan to be a better likeness of the original than the photograph was.

This is the second work of importance in the line of sculpture that Mr. Carpenter has executed, the first being a bas-relief in marble, of the late President McKinley, which now occupies a place on the walls of Gallaudet College, in Washington, from which institution the young deaf-mute graduated after a four years' course. Previous to this Mr. Carpenter was a pupil in the Michigan School for the Deaf, at Flint, from which he also graduated.

Mr. Carpenter was born in Gaylord, Mich., about 25 years ago. Deaf and dumb from birth, the outlook for a career was certainly handicapped, but as soon as he had arrived at 10 years of age, his parents sent him to the school for the deaf at Flint. Here, as the time passed on, he began to spend a part of his time with the other students, in the workshop, where it was discovered that he was an apt pupil. He soon began to display talent in the making of handsome furniture and later took up wood carving. It was while attending Gallaudet College that Mr. Carpenter began modeling in clay, and although practically self-taught, he soon succeeded in producing some fine pieces in relief, and it was while in Washington that he made the relief of President McKinley.

The relief of Senator McMillan was cast in bronze in Chicago, where Mr. Carpenter has spent much of his time since leaving Gallaudet College, working in an electrical plant, and attending the Chicago Art School evenings. His perseverance and determination to improve his talents notwithstanding his affliction, are characteristics to be emulated by many a young man in full possession of speech and hearing. Mr. Carpenter has made great advances in his art during the past few years, considering his advantages, and has executed and sold several works of a high order, besides those here mentioned. He is now making his home in Flint.

Practicing Self-Government

A number of years ago, according to "Washington: Its Sights and Insights," Commodore Perry, speaking to the students of Antioch College, Ohio, told the following anecdote, illustrating the perfect discipline maintained among the naval cadets of his time.

"Some twenty-five years ago I was carelessly walking on the levee of a city of the Adriatic. A short distance from the shore lay a man-of-war at anchor. I called an oarsman, who, after rowing me to the ship, was told to return for me in an hour.

"I wandered over the beautiful ship, admiring its guns, its keeling, its admirable appointments and its excellent management, shown by its condition. At the end of my hour I began to look for my oarsman. Just then I discovered a door on my right. I opened it, and in that room sat thirty-two boys. I had been there an hour and had not heard a stir enough to show that so much as a bird was alive on that boat.

"The youngest cadet came to the door and welcomed me with his cordial military salute. 'Boy, where is your teacher?' 'Gone ashore, sir.' 'Do you keep absolute order while he is gone?' 'Certainly, sir.' Then passing to the front, I said to one of the older boys: 'Young man, why do you boys act so differently from other boys? Are you afraid of being punished?' 'The cadet rose to his feet. 'Sir,' said he, 'you see before you thirty-two cadets. We all expect to govern others in our future work. The first element of a good governor is self-government; sir, we are practicing that.'"

The commodore added: "That was twenty-five years ago. In the providence of God none of these young men have been called to eternity. I will now read you their names." And the audience recognized in each name a man famous in the navy of Great Britain, Germany, France or America. —*Courier.*

QUAKERISMS.

Or a half the world does not know how the other half lives. Many a rose (a human rose) is made to bloom unseen, and many a great man is unknown to fame. Among the latter I might name Paul Lange, instructor in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, formerly principal of the Evansville Day School, which has since been closed because there were not enough people living in that city to raise a thousand dollars annually to keep it going. Have I ever attended any of those Gallaudet Alumni banquets that take place once in a while? Really, I cannot say; but I wish to make note of this important fact (?)

It has been customary on such occasions to have some reference made to old college days, but how many among such gifted and happy gatherings were aware that the famous "Auld Lang Syne" was named after the distinguished Paul Lange? Modesty asserts itself very strongly in this man, who is content to go about his daily toil in teaching his pupils that a monkey-wrench is not made of monkeys; that a flywheel is not made of flies; that an "unspeakable Turk" is not necessarily a member of the Deaf Variety of the Human Race; that a "dressed chicken" has no pants or feathers, in spite of the many ramifications of the English language, and that St. Vitus' dance is never printed on the programme of dances.

The Wisconsin School made a wise selection when it secured Mr. Lange, as one of its teachers, for in addition to his regular school work, he conducts a column of foreign news relating to the deaf and their work and education in the *Wisconsin Times*, the school paper. Speaking of the *Times*, I wish to especially commend it as an exceptionally bright and newsy paper. Its editor evinces excellent taste in its make-up, type selections and press work, and he is a man whom I knew personally.

I am reminded of a story told me by a graduate of Gallaudet—and it was not related at those college banquets either. I will relate it here now, so that it may not escape my memory.

A certain professor was in the habit of going about the students' quarters on Saturday, and making use of his nose to detect smoke from cigars. Smoking is forbidden in the college, and rightly so. One Saturday afternoon the professor walked through the hall of the boys' dormitory, I believe, and there espied a ladder leading to an opening above which was connected with the attic. Quickly calling into use his smelling powers, he imagined he smelt a strong odor of smoke from above, and at once began to climb up the ladder, expecting to catch the culprits in the act and have them reported to the faculty. As soon as he had entered the opening, a student came along, and not being aware of the professor's presence in the attic, he took away the ladder and made some use of it outside. The professor, finding there were no students concealed and that he had made a mistake, prepared to descend, but was amazed to discover that the ladder had been carried away. He could not come down. He was compelled to "holer" till he attracted the attention of some one who came to his rescue. It was afterward explained "just how it happened," to the amusement of all.

QUAKER BROWN.

There are in this city at least 1000 married couples, living together, yet never speaking," declares a New York divorce lawyer. Who would have thought there were so many deaf and dumb women in New York? —*Ez.*

CHURCH NOTICES.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, JANUARY 24TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburg, usual hour, P.M.

Guild Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening Jan. 26th. All welcome.

"There are in this city at least 1000 married couples, living together, yet never speaking," declares a New York divorce lawyer. Who would have thought there were so many deaf and dumb women in New York? —*Ez.*

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Pres. Gallaudet at Peace Meeting.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

Sundry News Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The peaceful settlement of disputes between nations by means of arbitration has long been a dream of eminent statesmen of the last half century or more. The Czar of Russia's proposition and final establishment of the Hague Tribunal was one important step towards the accomplishment of this dream. Yet much remains to be done to arrive at such a goal, and it appears that another step towards the end would be for nations to enter into compacts in regard to the disposal of their differences by peaceful arbitration.

Several years ago Congress was urged to enter into such a treaty with Great Britain, but the motion was defeated by a very small majority. Since that time the advocates of peace have quietly been gathering new recruits, and the move is now gaining universal favor.

Monday, a notable gathering of prominent men from all parts of the country met in the Lafayette Theatre and there adopted resolutions to Congress and President Roosevelt, to urge them to enter into a treaty with Great Britain for the amicable settlement of disputes that may arise in the future, between these two nations. If the ball is once started it is hoped that other nations will follow suit, and in the end all differences between the nations of the world will be settled in a quiet manner, and thus do away with the many brutalities of war.

President Gallaudet has always advocated such proposals and took part in the meeting held at the Lafayette Theatre. After the resolutions had been passed he was chosen one of a large committee to present these resolutions to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. This was quite an honor to our President; and our only hope is that such measures will be adopted by Congress.

The G. C. A. A. was the last one of the societies to elect new officers for the second term. The result of the election held Monday is below.

President..... Mr. Neesam, '04
Vice-President..... Mr. Stevens, '05
Secretary..... Mr. Winemiller, '04
Treasurer..... Mr. Mikesell, '06
Singer..... Mr. Fausel, '07
Track Manager..... Mr. Marshall, '04
Yell Leader..... Mr. Wye, '04

Candidates for both the track and baseball teams were also chosen at this meeting.

Baseball Manager Cameron, '04, has his schedule almost complete, and at present it is as follows:

March 19—Naval Academy at Annapolis.
March 23, 26, and 29, April 2 and 9—High Schools.
April 12—Syracuse University at home.
April 20—Fredericksburg Col. at home.
May 7—St. John's at home.
May 10—Villa Nova at home.
May 14—Fredericksburg Col. at Fredericksburg, Va.
May 27—Villa Nova at Villa Nova, Pa.

Games are yet to be arranged with Columbian, Georgetown and the High Schools.

Mr. Taylor, Arthur Johnson & Co's agent was on the Green a week or so ago, with a large assortment of samples of sporting goods, and judging from the orders given it appears that the students are preparing energetically for the spring sports.

The O. W. L. S. celebrated its ninth birthday Saturday night. All the Ducks were admitted as members, and as the class numbers thirteen, the enrollment was greatly increased.

After the initiation ceremonies were over the time was whiled away in playing Pinch and the Pit. Miss Patterson won the prize in the latter contest, and Miss Hall, '05, that of the former. As a birthday present Mr. Fowler gave the society a beautiful calendar.

The daily leaf calendar issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Hartford, Conn., has made its appearance again this year. Every leaf has the comment of some educator, or doctor, upon the bicycles made by this company. On the leaf of February 5th, we find the following comment by Dr. Gallaudet:—

"I learned to ride a bicycle in sixty minutes, when I had reached my sixtieth year. I have used a wheel six years with great pleasure and physical benefit. I hope the general use of bicycles may be continued and increased."

Coasting down the south-west side of Patterson Hill, furnished sport for the students most of the week. At first it was attempted to go down the west side, but the attempt proved disastrous, and several of them are now nursing skinned fingers and wrenched ankles.

Quite a large number of students witnessed the exhibitions of Magician Kellar at the Lafayette Opera

House during the week. "Ducky" Jackson seems to have been the most impressed, and is now amusing the students with his own original sleight of hand.

The antagonism against corned beef, breaks out about as often as resolutions do in South America. The merry "kick" is now on again, and there are some hopes of succeeding this time.

The second of the Faculty lectures for the present term was given by Dr. Ely, Friday evening. He took for his subject, "The Exhaustion of the World's Fuel Supply and its Bearing on the Progress of Civilization." From the data given, it appears that England's supply of coal will soon run out, and at the present rate of increase, it will not be long before that in the United States will be greatly lessened. Yet it seems that it will be a long time before the entire supply gives out, for the undeveloped coal areas of China are larger than any others in the world, and as yet left undeveloped. When the supply is finally exhausted, then the waves, the tides, the winds, and the rays of the sun will have to be harnessed.

A basket ball game between the Freshmen Co-eds and "Ducklings" will come off this week. The two teams seem pretty well matched, so they say, and the young ladies are expecting some sport.

Ernest Ringnell, '07, of Minnesota has been trying to float alongside the elect of Washington society. Sunday he took dinner with Congressman Linn of Minnesota.

Those who tripped and fell in the first term examinations were given an opportunity Saturday morning to pick themselves up.

Warren Hoversick, '07, who was called home just before the holidays is back again at his books. He reports that Mr. John Mueller, ex-'06, as still in Cincinnati.

The January issue of the *Buff and Blue* is expected to be out by the end of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Erickson are now quartered in the house formerly occupied by Prof. Day on Florida Avenue, opposite the college gate.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

JAN. 18, '04.

VIRGINIA.

DEATH OF MISS L. ARGABRIGHT.

The deaf of Virginia will be shocked to learn of the death of Miss Lavinia Argabright, one of the best known and beloved of the young ladies of the State, having a very wide acquaintance.

The sad event occurred at the Newport News Emergency Hospital last Thursday, January 14th, at noon. On January 5th, Miss Argabright was removed from her boarding place to the hospital suffering from an aggravated case of acute indigestion. She improved rapidly, and the following Friday it was thought she would be able to leave the hospital. But a sudden turn took place, and the physicians and nurses seemed unable to diagnose the case further until Wednesday of this week, when the doctors had decided that spinal meningitis had developed. Her condition was then exceedingly critical, as she had lapsed into semi-consciousness.

Deaf friends who called at the hospital Wednesday afternoon were shocked at the change in her condition. At a late hour that night the JOURNAL correspondent got into communication with the hospital over the telephone, and learning the real seriousness of the case, went over to Newport News with his wife, who had been there earlier in the day. By means of finger spelling, a few inquiries asked by the physicians could be made of the patient, but the answers were mostly disconnected. Upon request of the resident officers of the hospital, Mrs. Ritter remained in attendance with the nurses the entire night and until the end came peacefully at noon Thursday.

Miss Argabright's home was in Bluefield, W. Va., several hundred miles away. Her aged father was communicated with by telegraph, and directed that the remains be shipped to him, which was accordingly done Friday afternoon, after brief services conducted by Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, who had been wired for. The Episcopal burial ritual was read orally for the senior vestrymen of St. Paul's Church, the rector being out of the city. At the conclusion of Mr. Whildin's remarks, Miss Nora Horton signed the beautiful hymn, "Some time we will understand."

Most of the deaf of the city and several from Norfolk were in attendance. The local pallbearers were Chas. A. Bruce, of Norfolk; James A. Murden, of Newport News; W. C. Ritter, of Hampton, and three members of the firm in whose employ the young lady had been for several years. The floral tributes were beautiful, the deaf of this section sending a very handsome floral cross.

The large department store of Meyer & Bros. closed at noon Friday, and remained so the balance of the day as a mark of respect to one of its most competent and faithful attaches. It was a very mournful little company of the deaf who followed the hearse to the Chesapeake and Ohio passenger station, where the handsome casket was boxed and placed aboard the 5:40 P.M. express, westbound. Transfer was to have been made at Basie, the junction of the Norfolk and Western, about twelve miles east of Staunton. The remains were expected to reach Bluefield at 6 P.M. Saturday, and it is probable that the funeral took place yesterday, Sunday, in that city.

Miss Argabright came to Newport News in the fall of 1901, to accept the position of head of the ladies' ready-made suit department in the large department store of Meyers Bros., the most extensive establishment of its kind on the Virginia Peninsula. The Messrs. Meyers entertained the highest opinion and regard for her from the start. In her position she came in contact with the leading ladies of the Peninsula, and was not infrequently a welcome visitor at their residences.

Deceased graduated from the school at Staunton with distinguished honors, receiving three gold medals. She was an artist of no mean ability with crayon and oil. Some years ago she was called back to the school to fill the position of monitor, and teacher of sewing to the deaf girls. She also had been a private teacher of the deaf daughter of City Treasurer Smith, of Suffolk, Va. Having resided in various sections of the State, she had a wide acquaintance, numbering among her friends some of the most prominent people. She was independent but modest, and, withal, a fair representative of what even one handicapped by the lack of the two most important senses could be and accomplish. Admired and beloved by a host of friends, it will be exceedingly hard for them to realize that she is no more. The silver plate on the casket well expressed our sentiments:—"At Rest."

A pathetic incident discovered by friends after the death was the finding of an envelope addressed to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, with a note enclosing a dollar for a year's subscription. The letter had not been mailed. This, with the other personal effects of deceased, will be shipped to her father, who is a venerable and invalid gentleman, who was devotedly attached to his only daughter.

Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, Rev. Oliver J. Whildin conducted services for the deaf in St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Most of the deaf of this section and several from Norfolk, on the southern side of Hampton Roads—an expanse of water ten miles wide—were in attendance. Mr. Whildin, in the brief time he has been among them, has made a most favorable impression upon not only the deaf themselves but also upon all the rectors and other church people with whom he comes in contact.

W. C. R.
HAMPTON, VA., Jan. 18, '04.

Concerning Proctor's

WEEK OF JAN. 25.

An event of more than usual importance will be the revival, at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, of "The Brixton Burglary," with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sidney heading the cast. Mr. Sidney, the author of this clever comedy, will make his first appearance in this country in some time, in the part of Septimus Green, while Mr. Al. Roberts, son of R. A. Roberts, the well-known actor, will assume the role of Pontifex, one of the best drawn low comedy characters in the play catalogue. Equally important in the vaudeville section will be the first appearance on Broadway in several years of George Primrose, who for a quarter of a century has steadily maintained his position as the leading step dancer of minstrelsy.

That clever comedy, "A Stranger in a Strange Land," which scored a season's success at the Manhattan Theatre when first produced will have its initial production in Harlem, by the members of Mr. Proctor's stock company at his One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre. The vaudeville between the acts will be especially attractive this week.

Two European novelties hold the leading position on the attractive vaudeville programme at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre next week. The first is Prolle's Dogs in a melange of ventriloquism and canine circus. Prolle's pets are provided with false faces in place of the familiar dummy figure, and obtain some startlingly realistic effects. Unhappily, whose tremendous success at Koster & Bial's years ago, is still remembered, returns to us more clever than ever, and, being unprovided with arms, accomplishes with his toes many feats which might be regarded as impossible. His skill at handling tools, musical instruments, and as a sharpshooter has attracted great attention. Many other vaudeville specialties.

Since the beginning of the war in Somaliland about 16,000 camels have been used.

Germans eat the most Irish potatoes, the annual consumption being 40,000,000 tons.

CHICAGO.

Death Invades Two Households.

AID SOCIETY ELECTS OFFICERS.

A Birthday Surprise Party.

Our friend, Harry R. Hart, is in the deepest mourning, on account of the death of his dearly beloved father, which occurred on Wednesday, January 13th. He lost his mother only two years ago, so he feels the second loss most keenly.

The funeral took place on Friday. There was a very large concourse of relatives and friends in attendance, and a good many magnificent bouquets of flowers that stood against the wall all around up to the ceiling, and covered the casket completely. Among the bouquets was one of white and pink roses formed in the shape of a heart, six feet high, and three feet wide, representing kindness and tenderness. The pastor said that Mr. Hart was not only mourned at home, but also at the Asylum for the Friendless Children, with which he had been connected for many years as President, and in which he had a deep interest. Whenever Mr. Hart was not at home, he would be found at the Asylum, and vice versa.

Mrs. Gus. S. Hyman and Mrs. Dougherty attended the funeral.

Two carriages were pressed into service to carry nearly all the flowers to the cemetery.

What seems to be the most distressing and saddest news to us, is that the mother of William O'Donnell, a young member of the Pas-a-Pas Club, died after an illness of only twenty-four hours. She was taken to the Chicago hospital on Wednesday night, January 13th, and operated upon for appendicitis early next morning, but she expired at one o'clock P.M. The funeral will take place tomorrow morning. We all sympathize with Messrs Hart and O'Donnell, very much.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its monthly business meeting at the chapel, on Wednesday, January 6th, at two o'clock P.M. Its transactions are unknown to the writer, but the annual election of officers resulted as follows:—

President, Mrs. Grout; Vice-President, (West Side), Mrs. Geo. H. Cantor; Vice-President (South Side), Mrs. Taylor; Vice-President (East Side), Mrs. Norris; Vice-President (North Side), at large; Secretary, Miss Zollinger; Treasurer (re-elected) Miss Knight.

Miss Knight is Chairwoman of the Entertainment Committee. She will, I am told, do some things that "will astonish the natives," and therefore we will soon enjoy them.

On Monday January 11, from 2 to 5 P.M., the officers of the Aid Society met at the residence of Mrs. Gus. S. Hyman, by request of the president, and discussed and planned and offered best suggestions for the ensuing year, and partook of refreshment before dispersing for home.

Mrs. Grout went to Joliet last Thursday, to visit her children and grandchildren until February 1st.

The old friends of Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Schorr gave them a surprise party on Saturday night, January 9th, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Gibney and Mrs. Martin are said to have carried out the plan successfully.

Herman Koha has returned home from his trip to California, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, reporting a fine time, but he declared Chicago was the best place for him in the world.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD.
SUNDAY JAN. 17, 1904.

An Old Tune.

An interesting history of an old and well-known comic tune has been given by a professor of music. He said that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt, in 1799, the camp for a while was near the pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing. The inhabitants of the desert had collected near and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We won't go home till morning." Instantly there was the wildest demonstration of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other and shouted in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of the people. The professor states that this tune had been taken to Europe in the eleventh century by the Crusaders, and had lived separately in both countries for over seven hundred years. This is certainly enough to make "We won't go home till morning" a classic. Its origin is more of a mystery than the source of the Nile.

Cure for Forgetfulness.

A successful business man said there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen years old, and which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely: Never to lose anything and never to forget anything." The story of this lesson is printed in the *Country Gentleman*: An old lawyer sent the young man with an important paper, giving him definite instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to declare: "When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I did not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.' I once had an intelligent young man in my employ who deemed it sufficient excuse for having neglected an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth."

"He worked for me three years, and during the last year of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, had been a lazy, careless habit of mind, and he cured it."

A Strange Use for Skimmed Milk

A use to which skim milk, sour milk, buttermilk, or even whole sweet milk is not often put is paint-making, yet this product of the dairy makes possibly one of the most enduring, preservative, respectable, and inexpensive paints for barns and outbuildings. It costs little more than whitewash, provided no great value is attached to the milk, and it is a question whether for all kinds of rough work it does not serve all the purposes and more of the ready-mixed paint, or even prime lead and put mixed in the best linseed oil. It is made as follows, and no more should be mixed than is to be used that day: Stir into a gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder (costing three cents per pound) to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may be used well used. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being very heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle. This feature of the stirring is the only drawback to the paint, and as its efficiency depends upon administering a good coating of cement, it is not safe to leave its application to untrustworthy or careless help. Six hours after painting this paint will be as immovable and unaffected by water as month-old oil paint. I have heard of buildings twenty years old painted in this manner in which the wood was well preserved. My own experience dates back nine years, when I painted a small barn with this mixture, and the wood today—second growth Virginia yellow pine—shows no sign whatever of decay or dry-rot. The effect of such a coating seems to be to petrify the surface of the wood. Whole milk is better than buttermilk or skim milk, as it contains more oil, and this is the constituent which sets the cement. If mixed with water instead of milk, the wash rubs and soaks off readily. This mixture, with a little extra of the cement from the bottom of the bucket daubed on, makes the best possible paint for trees where large limbs have been pruned or sawed off.—*Scientific American.*

Lincoln's Prescription.

There is a story, still current in Illinois, which says that an old farmer friend of President Lincoln's who used to correspond with him, complained on one occasion of his poor health. He received the following reply, which is quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's prescription": "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of all biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but my dear friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift." —*Success.*

NEW YORK.

The L. E. S. Entertainment

THE SILENT DRAMA IN NEWARK

Basket-Ball—Various Notes.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

Every one of the four hundred and more who attended the entertainment of the League of Elect Surds on Thursday evening, January 14th, will vouch for its success.

It was really a most enjoyable affair, conducted in an orderly manner, and attended by the best people in New York metedom.

Through the courtesy of Principal Currier of the New York Institution, the graduates of other days had the privilege of seeing what is done for the pupils of the present time. And the verdict of all was that the little boys in neat grey uniforms, who marched, counter-marched, formed fours, etc., with the utmost precision and unanimity of movement, and went through the manual of arms at the word of command given by a captain of their own number, were certainly much better fixed, and evinced a more alert state of mind, than the youngsters of the same age in the days long gone by. While the entire program of the evening received full appreciation and applause, the lion's share went to the youngsters in cadet grey.

The life, bangle and drum renditions of the Fanwood Cadets was the "curtain raiser" of the evening, and while the majority could not detect the notes of either the bugles or the fifes, all could appreciate the vibrations of the drums. The following tunes were rendered, and the excellence of the boys who formed the corps excited the wonder of all.

1. Canadian Rag-time March—Bohemian Bugles and Drums.
2. To Arms (French)—Bohemian Bugles and Drums.
3. "Hawatha" March—Fifes and Drums.
4. The Cambrils Are Coming, and Auld Ling Syne—Fifes and Drums.
5. March "The Union," Introducing Dixie, Yankee Doodle and Star Spangled Banner—Fifes and Drums.

The next on the program, was the amateur theatrical play, which is annually gotten up, rehearsed and enacted, by members of the League of Elect Surds, the female impersonations, of course, being given by deaf-mute ladies of well-known ability. This year the assistance of the Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce was one of the essentials that made the play the great success that was universally conceded it. The play was adapted by Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq, and he also took part in the acting, proving himself not only a good playwright but a Thespian as well. Here is the play and the players:

"The Drummer's Return," or "The Wrong Flat."

TIME.....The Present.

PLACE.....An Apartment on Lenox Ave.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. John Noolywood.....Mr. Murray Campbell
Mrs. John Noolywood.....Miss Violet Pearce
Mr. Robert Sglwood.....Mr. C. J. Le Clercq
Mrs. Robert Sglwood.....Miss Mabel Pearce
Bridget.....Mr. W. G. Jones

It required no synopsis for the audience to understand that a drummer returning from a trip found a newly-married couple had got into his flat, and the expected and usual complications and misunderstandings ensued. Mr. Jones, as Bridget, was execrably funny in make up as well as acting. The rest of the cast was excellent. There was no over-acting, nor any attempt to get the "centre of the stage." All fitted their stage characters, and if there is any choice as to general excellence, the Misses Pearce deserve first places. The way they shook each other before the situation was cleared up, was very laughable.

Mr. Trevanion G. Cook, Physical Director at the New York Institution, with the aid of his pupils, got up a funny number, entitled—

The Farmwood Sanitarium.

SCENE.....Operating Room.

TIME.....1910.

Doctor Jim Gym.....T. G. Cook
Professor Flip-Flap.....G. Schmidt
Sergeant Von Stamp.....B. Zwofle
Chef.....H. P. Davis

PATIENTS.

Obesity Removed.....S. Friedman
L. Robinson
R. Byron
Cartilage Treatment.....H. Blechner
S. Cohen
A. Dempsey
Bur-Nar, Mike-Fatten.....V. Bleck
S. McAllister
P. King
A. Barry
P. D. Tinar
G. Rau
C. Atilla System.....J. Agrestio
S. Tompeto

Professor Flip-Flap did some fine tumbling on the mat, treating both back and front somersaults from a kneeling position, doing flip flaps, etc., with ease and grace. The sergeant's duties were military, and that suited Captain B. Zwofle. The Chef proved a most original and decided innovation. His skill in handling the accessories of his profession was marvelous and his dextrous style of serving showed him to be a past-master in the art.

The rest of the act was a burlesque on the various fads for physical ills. To cure obesity, running is prescribed, and the runner makes so many laps when another and slimmer runner is substituted, dressed the same, and the audience at first does not see the deception but notes the runner is growing slimmer. At the last a little fellow becomes the runner, and sinks exhausted, and the obesity is cured. So in the treatments for other ills, one boy is substituted for another, unseen by the audience, and the remedy eventually proves efficacious.

The marvelous muscular development of George Rau, a Fanwood Cadet and a pupil of Mr. Cook, was a theme of admiring remarks during the evening.

The exhibition drill of Company C, of the Fanwood Cadets, commanded by Captain Samuel Freedman, has already been referred to. The slippery floor of the hall was quite an obstacle to sudden halts of the company, but they managed to keep time and alignment with wonderful accuracy. These boys are between ten and thirteen years of age.

The grand march which preceded the dancing program, was led by Grand Ruler E. A. Hodson and his daughter, Miss Florence Latimer Hodson, followed by the other officials of the L. E. S. in their order of rank.

Floor manager Charles J. Le Clercq directed the marching, and the intricate figures he arranged showed him to be no tyro on the waxed floor. Mr. Le Clercq's assistants were Messrs. Fred Hoffmann and Moses Heyman.

The committees were as follows:

Reception Committee—I. N. Soper, A. L. Thomas, Wm. Lippens, Simon Kahn, Leo Lowenstein, Herman Heerd, F. W. Nubser, Henry Kohlman, A. C. Bachrach, I. Golland, Jr., Murray Campbell, Samuel Cox, C. L. Schindler and E. Souweine.

Floor Committee—A. Capelli, T. I. Lounsbury, M. Koringold, Fred Knox, Adolph Eckardt, Chas. Sanford, Culmer Barnes, Jr., F. W. Meinken, A. Galland, W. L. Hanson, S. Gomprecht, H. Schnermann, Ed. McKeranhan and W. G. Jones.

Committee of Arrangements—Alex. L. Pach (Chairman), Thomas F. Fox, Max Miller, Chas. J. Le Clercq and Louis Cohen.

The last committee, besides its distinguishing badges, wore a broad purple ribbon across the shirt-front, with the initials "L. E. S." worked thereon in gold braid, the work being done by the artistic fingers of Mrs. Fox, to whom the League is indebted for many similar services in the past.

Mr. Fox was in charge of the box office, and Mr. Miller took the tickets most of the evening, being relieved for a time by Mr. Bachrach.

It must be said with due regard to the services of others, that the members worked as a unit to insure the success of the affair. The Lounsbury printery turned out a high-grade ticket and dance order, while Mr. Schindler demonstrated once more that he is premier badge-maker in the business.

To mention all who were present would take up too much space, but the League of Elect Surds extends thanks for the liberal public patronage with which it was favored, and hopes that all will be present at its next annual.

The deaf-mute organizations of Brooklyn and Newark were well represented, as was the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and the Xavier Club, the latter being specially distinguished by the presence of its Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. McCarthy, S. J., whose courtesy and attitude of good-will to all the deaf is sincerely appreciated.

The Newark Society chose a cosy little hall for its dramatic entertainment, on Saturday evening, January 16th. And the hall was well-filled by friends of the organization.

The contingent from New York and Brooklyn was not very large, but this can easily be accounted for. During the afternoon there was a most disagreeable storm, half rain and half snow, which in itself was enough to deter the gentler sex from going. Then, also, the basket ball game proved a counter attraction. Nevertheless those who attended enjoyed a treat in the line of amateur acting.

The star parts were played by Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black, in a little drama entitled "Why Papa Changed His Mind."

The flirtation scene between Bertha and Mr. Flirtman was excellently done, with "Dr. Chump" in the person of Edward Manning, doing the grumpy and out-

ed part of the irascible papa. The scenery, which was made and painted by one of the members, was very good. It represented a garden with a house at the right and beyond the fence the highway on which Mr. Flirtman strolled and made goo-goo eyes at Bertha.

In the second act Mr. Black was disguised as a negro porter, while pretty Cora was her same sweet self, Mr. Manning being Charles for the nonce.

In the third act John B. Ward is metamorphosed into the parent of Cora, while Mr. Black, as Johnnie, does all the love-making, the end being a happy consummation of the wishes of the young lovers, who receive papa's blessing as the curtain falls.

After the dramatic part was over, conversation ruled till past the midnight hour, when all retired to seek repose.

The committee of arrangements was composed of Charles Casella, John M. Black and Edward Manning. Mr. Black also was stage manager.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kees, Mr. and Mrs. Elam Will and Mrs. Carney, of Easton, the Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lincoln Thomas, Messrs. Peter T. Hughes, Edward Elsworth, Henry J. Haight, F. W. Nubser, A. C. Bachrach, Henry Kohlman, John Buckley, Herman Beck, Samuel D. Smith and his cousin, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Celia Lynch, Miss Finn, and others whose names we did not get.

It was a merry skating party that wended its way over the icy pavements last Saturday evening bound for the Polo Athletic Club's Hall, 129th Street and Park Avenue. Quite a big crowd was on hand at 8:30 to witness two games of basketball. The preliminary game was scheduled to be between the High School of Commerce and the Flushing High School, but as the latter could not play the Quiet Five was called upon to look horns with the High School lads.

It was first half the school boys walked all around the Quiet Five. As if from a Gatling gun, basket after basket was shot, and when the smoke of the twenty minutes' fray was over the Commerce School had scored 13 points on six baskets and a foul; the Quiet Five got but two baskets, one each by Little and Holmes, and three points on fouls, scored by Holmes, which netted in all seven points. The second half was a repetition of the first half, and the High School scored six points to the Quiet Five's three. The substitution of Stern and Powell for Solomon and Moriarty did not help much. Team work by the Quiet Five was sorely lacking and this was the cause of their defeat, but the High School of Commerce has an excellent team, quick witted and alert, and took advantage of the loose team work of their opponents. The final score was 15 to 10. The Quiet Five's players were Messrs. Holmes, Little, Solomon, Moriarty, Forsyth, Stern and Powell.

The second game was between the Hollywood Inn Club, of Yonkers, and the famous Silent Five team, and what a hot one it was. The first half was a superb exhibition of skill and ingenuity in dodging and throwing, and was pretty clean from a spectator's point of view. Honors were about even and it was apparent the Hollywoods had something up their sleeve for the second half, but this something was killed off by the substitution of big Bob McVea, Varley and Fetscher in that half. By the aid of clever passing and fine interference at different times, Fluhr, Dyer, Meunch and Dyer again, scored baskets, netting eight points. The Hollywoods scored two baskets and a foul, counting up five points. The half was fast and furious, the old rules allowing free scope, and twice the game was halted to allow two Hollywood players to recover from bad falls, both purely accidental, and which robbed them of the use of one of their star players. Towards the close of the time the battle became so fast and close that the committing of fouls became a serious matter, and twice the Hollywoods failed to seize the opportunity to even the score by missing the basket. One minute from the call of time Bob McVea eased the agony by throwing a basket with three men on his back and thereby cinched the game. The other baskets, in this half, all of the sensational order were scored by Varley and Fluhr, which, aided by one foul basket by McVea netted seven points. The Hollywoods scored two basket and two points from fouls—six points. The final score was: Silent Five, 15; Hollywood Inn Club, 11. The Silent Five players were Dyer, Avens, Fluhr, Meunch, Fetscher, McVea, and Varley.

Next Saturday evening, at the same hall, the following games will be played:—Yorkville, of East Side Y. M. C. A. vs. Silent Five. Preliminary game—Polo A. A. vs. Quiet Five.

About twenty of the Brooklyn boys attended the New Jersey affair last Saturday, and had quite a

nice time. By the way, Manning, who portrayed the lovelorn Charlie so clearly in the playette, the love of Cora and Charles, has applied for membership in the Brooklyn Club, and he will make the third Jersey boy who belongs to the Brooklyn Club, Kane and Black being the others. There is not one club of deaf-mutes in Greater New York, who has not on its roll call the name of one member of the Brooklyn Club. Bearing that fact in mind, is it not natural for the Brooklyn boys to have none but the most cordial of good feeling toward all the deaf-mute clubs.

Prof. Hall, of Gallaudet College, had a pretty fair audience (probably 175) to lecture before, last Monday evening, in the Gaild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes. He took for his subject "Time," and his discourse was quite interesting and instructive, although at times it was difficult for many of those present to comprehend the more abstruse parts of the lecture. At its close, he was given a hearty vote of thanks.

Mr. B., Mr. J., Mr. R., and Mr. S., all members of the Brooklyn Club, were out hunting on Long Island last New Year's day, and in spite of the game-laws, they succeeded in bagging—3 sparrows, 2 tomtoms, one razor back and a mule that was worth \$50.00, at least it cost them that, before the farmer would let them go. All in all they had a bally time.

To avoid the charge of favoritism, the Brooklyn Masked Ball Committee has decided to place all the prizes on exhibition during the Ball and to allow the winners to make their own selection, in the order of their award.

Mrs. Farley, of Boston, has been in New York for the past two weeks, and may remain for some time longer. She was one of the many who enjoyed the League of Elect Surds' entertainment last Thursday.

Harry Dickerson is again indulging in the "reveries of a bachelor"—or, more strictly speaking, a grass widower—as Mrs. Dickerson has gone to the paternal home in Philadelphia for a couple of weeks.

Miss Luella Little, one of Philadelphia's charming and intellectual young ladies, is in New York for a time, as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Heyman.

To the inquirer who asks who Mr. Up-To-Date is, I would most respectfully refer to the "Man Higher up."

BALTIMORE, MD.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bomhoff Saturday, January 9th. Both mother and child are reported as doing well. We extend our congratulations to the proud and happy parents.

Saturday morning, Rev. Whildin went to Hagerstown, on Missionary business, and in a few minutes later and at the same depot, Mr. A. C. Buxton took another train for Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Wm. Lewis, of Washington, spent Sunday in Baltimore, and was a visitor at church. He came ostensibly to see Miss Carrie Strong, who recently moved here from the Capital City.

The Society will have a Package Party at its hall Wednesday, January 27th. Mr. Unsworth has charge of the affair. The fair held at the hall last December proved a great success financially.

Mr. Chas. E. Lister threw up his job in this city, and has gone to live permanently with his own people over the Eastern Shore.

The deaf community of this city were very much shocked to hear of the untimely death of Miss Lavinia Argabright, of Virginia, which occurred last week, after a short illness. During the meet of the State Association here last August she made many friends by her gentle manners and winning ways.

Mr. Geo. Flick returned home last week from his trip through Virginia and Kentucky, having met with much success with his moving picture business, and he brought a bag full of money too.

A number of the boys went over to Annapolis January 13th, to witness the inauguration of Governor Warfield, and paid a visit to the Naval Academy which is located there.

Owing to the ice on the Bay, Mr. Thos. A. Lamb, of Chestertown, is unable to go home, as the steamers have stopped running. He is staying with his brother, who is an officer on the police force of this city.

A number of students from Gallaudet College were in town two Sundays ago.

A new electric light plant has just been installed in the Maryland School building at Frederick.

J. A. B.

Jan. 18, '04.

The electric roads of the United States carried, last year, three times the population of the earth.

The Transvaal's exports during the six months of the present year include \$27,530,000 worth of gold.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Fair and Square Statement.

BASKET BALL GAMES.

Items of Interest.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1533 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A spirit of unrest, dissatisfaction, and even denunciation exists here and, as a result of it, the wheels of progress are moving along slower than usual. The only noticeable progress being made is that in the interest of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. In this the deaf may be said to be a unit. Would that we could say the same thing of All Souls' Mission for the Deaf. For many years this Mission has been the leading place of worship of the deaf in Philadelphia. It is still so; however, every one knows that conditions are not what they should be. Here the wheels of progress seem so clogged that no satisfactory progress can be made. Say what you may, there is something wrong somewhere, and, as long as it continues unrectified, there can be no change of condition such as is desirable. There is no use concealing this fact any longer.

The interests of All Souls' Mission are paramount to those of any single individual. The Mission itself is not to blame in any way. We are thankful for its existence. It is a great and good thing for the deaf of Philadelphia and vicinity. Often it is the Mecca of the deaf for miles around. Its opportunities for good are, we believe, even greater than that of an ordinary parish. The Bishop of this Diocese knows the great need of this Mission or he would not show the "fatherly" interest in it that he has been, and still is, doing. But, with all this, and coupled by the moral and material support of many other influential churchmen of the Diocese, it pains us to admit that all is not well there.

The cause of it we leave to the unprejudiced minds of others to decide at the proper time. It is a serious matter at the least. But the honor of All Souls' Mission must be preserved. All other considerations are of secondary importance. The deaf are beginning to realize more than ever that they have responsibilities which they can not shirk. The proof of this is in the righteous protest they are now making. They and they alone seem the persons who are best able to clear away the black clouds of despondency that now hover over All Souls' Parish, and we sincerely hope that only the truest and fairest means will be employed to do it. May we not hope for that joy and peace of mind so precious to all God-fearing people.

At the meeting of the Clerc Literary Association, last Thursday evening, 14th of January, recitations were the chief exercise. There was a marked decrease in the attendance.

Mrs. William H. Lipsett was reported quite seriously ill, but at this writing, we are happy to say that she is convalescing.

We are also pleased to state that Mrs. Crouter is greatly improved in her condition.

Mr. Hewitt is dangerously ill with pneumonia, since January 4th. His fellow-employees recently made up a purse of \$9.50 and sent it to the family.

Mr. D. Ellis Lit is mourning the death of an aunt, who was buried last week.

Tuesday evening, January 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schreiner, of Upland, tendered a party to their friends, mostly deaf. The evening was pleasantly spent in various ways.

Mrs. Henry R. Smith, who has been nursing a sick sister in Reading for the past five weeks, returned home on Saturday afternoon last.

Miss Mamie Hess recently returned from a two weeks' visit among relatives and friends in Bethlehem.

The following was reported in a Sunday paper, January 17th:—

Parkside added another victory to its list in the Philadelphia Amateur League by beating Deaf A. A. last night at Natatorium Hall by the score of 19 to 9. In a scrimmage in the last half Carr received a broken nose.

Deaf A. A. Positions. Parkside.
Perry Forward Carr (Steele)
D. Antricky Forward Haines
Schwigel Centre Mathers
Rich Guard Hamilton
McCanley Guard Saybold
Goal from field—Perry, 2; Schwigel, Haines, 3; Mathers, 4; Saybold. Goal from fouls—Mathers, 3; Antricky. Fouls—Deaf A. A. 6; Parkside, 9. Referee—Waltermate. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Favored by playing on the home floor, the South Branch Y. M. C. A. team had no difficulty defeating the Silent Field Club last Thursday night, January 7th, by the score of 37 to 25. Frequently the visitors passed but the home team had thoroughly mastered the trick of earning the ball from the solid side walls. Millar and

Burke excelled for South Branch while Wene was the star player of the Silent Field Club. The line up.

South Branch Silent F. C.
Burke Forward Chestnut
Davis Forward Dowling
Selfridge Centre Wene
Mink Guard Robb
Millar Guard Rodgers
Goals from the field—Millar 4, Burke 5, Davis 3, Wene, Chestnut 3, Dowling 2.
Goals from fouls Burke, Chestnut 7.
Referee, Schoffer of South Branch. Time-keeper, Hooper of South Branch Y. M. C. A. Time—Twenty minute halves.

The Silent Field Club played the Gaston A. A. on Saturday evening, Jan. 16th, at 11th and Lehigh Ave.

Frank Holliday, a pupil of the Mt. Airy School, was struck down and badly injured by a trolley car, in Pittsburg, during the holidays. His recovery is looked for.

Miss Mary M. Williamson's mother is recovering from a dangerous illness, which necessitated an operation.

Prof. T. F. Fox, of New York, is expected to lecture before the Clerc Literary Association in February.

The next election of officers of Clerc Literary Association will take place in March. The Gallaudet Club will also hold its elections in that month.

We shall be thankful for any news items sent for this column. See our address at the head of the column.

WASHINGTON.

On Dec. 16th, Mr. George F. Flick gave an exhibition with his moving picture machine in Trinity Parish Hall to an audience of about 100. An accident to the machine caused the exhibition to be terminated before all the pictures had been given, but the scenes that were shown were very good and quite interesting. Mr. Flick will profit from this experience and carry duplicate parts of the machine, so that repairs can be made in short order. Since this exhibition, we understand that Mr. Flick has visited a number of schools for the deaf and given exhibitions.

Nov. 13th was the 15th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Edlington, and the occasion was celebrated in approved fashion. The Edlington were the recipients of quite a number of pieces of glassware, some of them very pretty.

R. E. L. Nicholson took some of his Great Dane dogs to a dog show in Richmond some weeks ago and captured two prizes, one first and one second. He expects to have several entries at the dog show in New York city next month, and although he is not certain of taking any prizes, he is confident his dogs will make a good showing.

On the evening of the first inst., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harrison gave a party to a number of their friends and acquaintances. About 18 persons were present, and a very enjoyable time was had.

Roy Stewart has been so faithful in his work in the Census, helping Uncle Sam keep tab on the number of his nieces and nephews, that the old gentleman raised his salary to \$1200. Roy had better look out; this is leap year, and young men with steady jobs paying \$100 a month are not over plentiful. The 6th inst. was Mr. Stewart's 26th birthday, and a number of his friends descended on his home in a body to help him celebrate the event. Roy had been led to expect a couple of friends, and when the crowd poured into the house, he at first thought he was "seeing double." Games of various kinds were played, after which refreshments were served, and it was after eleven when the last guest took his departure.

The Crescent Basket-Ball Team journeyed to Baltimore January 9th, and tried conclusions with a team representing a Y. M. C. A. there. The Washington boys were out-classed, being defeated by a score of 55 to 5. They had little or no practice previous to the game, and ought to be able to do better after a little practice.

Mr. Pfunder is one of the young men who are being fed by Dr. Wiley of the Agricultural Department on foods containing the various chemicals used in preserving foods. He appears to thrive on the diet. Dr. Wiley kindly gave his boarders a vacation so that they could eat Christmas turkey without any "poison" in it.

Miss Grace G. Okie and Leon H. Lefever were married on December 28, 1903. The marriage was a surprise to all but a very few of their friends.

Quite a number of us are afflicted with colds of various kinds and degrees, as a result of the changeable weather of the past few weeks, but as far as we know no one has been laid on the shelf in consequence.

M.

Asked and Answered.

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would man be to-day were it not for woman?"

She paused for a moment and looked around the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would man be to-day were it not for woman?"

And a voice in the gallery answered:

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden, eating strawberries."

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Columbia Club of Nashua, which has existed more than a year, has recently been formed into the Columbia League, which is to be mutually governed by the modification of the Constitution and By-laws. The Club was started in the old room of the hall wherein entertainments were held in the past, but has moved to better quarters, over the post office. Two deaf-mutes were initiated into the League at its meeting on the 2d inst.

At a previous meeting an election of officers took place, and the result was that Mr. A. B. Meacham, of Manchester, one of the originators of the Club, was re-elected president for a year; Mr. G. D. Abbott was promoted to the office of Vice President from the office of Secretary, to which W. E. White was elected. Messrs. A. W. Chapman and J. A. Lampron were re-elected Financial Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

A smoker was a successful affair at the rooms of the Columbia League some time ago, and it was attended by several invited outsiders and also a hearing gentleman of this city who understands the sign language pretty well.

This gentleman, though uneducated, is quite adept in catching on to what we say. By the way, he learned the sign language from a deaf friend of his long since. He seems contented in deaf company. Well, this smoker was replete with bright and funny remarks, among which was coloring up of John Gilpin's ride by Mr. Meacham in great style, convulsing his hearers with laughter. He is the Mark Twain of the deaf. I do not say that his quality of expressing funny sayings is equal to that of Mark Twain, but he can be as funny as the latter.

Secretary (then) Mr. Abbott gave an interesting history of the club, from October 25th, 1902, up to October 31st, 1903. Then a banquet followed, merrymaking being the chief feature at the table. The smoker would not have been complete without Mr. Meacham.

The Box Party of the Columbia Club, Thanksgiving, was a success socially. Several parlor games were indulged in to the partakers' hearts content. What would be gained in large numbers was made up in a small party. Nevertheless, everybody seemed to be bent on having fun, which prevailed on all sides till the time came for bidding off baskets, in which some two dollars and fifty cents were deposited, and they found lucky winners, namely, Miss Susie Robbins (hearing), Miss Nellie Stuart, and a hearing lady, respectively.

The time glided off fast and unconsciously at the table, after which the partakers reluctantly dispersed. The sum of \$11 was realized.

Mr. F. C. Damon, the ever smiling deaf-mute of this city, took unto himself a bride in person of Miss Alice Laxson, of Lowell, Christmas Eve. They were married at the house of the bride's mother. They were the recipients of many and useful presents. They are pleasantly settled down in their house, which Mr. Damon bought in the seventies and since had rented it.

It has been supposed that Mr. Damon was a confirmed bachelor. Notwithstanding, he has congratulations from all quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lampron went to Pittsfield, N. H., to pay Mr. and Mrs. Deering a visit, for the first four days of the Christmas week. Mr. Lampron went as an expectant Nimrod, only to find poor game, although he had a hearing man as guide, but he returned a strapping Nimrod from the fact that he trapped two coon rabbits. Mr. Lampron is a hustling business "boy" of this city. He has run a grocery business for more than seven years and his patronage is increasing despite his deafness, but his chief aim is honesty and gentility. He is a pretty good lip reader, intending to overcome difficulties usually found in others that can talk but not hear, wherever it is possible for him to do so. He has learned to talk French, for his customers are mostly French.

Mr. Meacham has loaned to the Columbia League a picture representing three Japanese ladies in a sitting position in a row, one putting her hands over her ears, one with hers over her mouth, and another covering her eyes with hers, indicating, deaf, dumb and blind, respectively. It is a pretty sight.

NASHOONON.

The Watchers.

He—Do you believe that there is such a thing as true, lasting love?

She—Possibly, but I sometimes doubt it.

He—Well, there's Mr. and Mrs. Guessing, for example. They have been married ten years and they seem to never want to lose sight of each other. Doesn't that look like true and lasting love?

She—It may be that, but it looks to me more like true and lasting jealousy.

FANWOOD.

Entertained by the Sixth Female Grade.

CADETS GIVE A PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

Winter Sports and Pastimes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The Sixth Female Grade, composed of eight youthful misses, entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association in the chapel, on Saturday evening, January 16th, at half past seven. They gave a good program, and did credit to their class. All of them gave readings that were attentively watched by those who admire intellect and beauty. Miss L. Drake opened by giving a reading entitled "Eliza's Home." Miss Ruth Bennett rendered "The Firm's Daughter," while she was followed by Miss Flora Brown in the reading "A Royal Joke." Miss S. McKown told "How Louise earned a dress," and "Bessie's Birthday" was recounted by Miss Lloyd. A reading entitled "How Dan took his girl to the fair" was read by Miss H. Frey, and "Mushrooms," were served by Miss Plant. The program was ended by "A Real Aristocrat," Miss S. Rabien. Prof. Fox then took his place on the platform, and gave a budget of news of the past week. He referred to new laws and ordinances regulating the safety of public health, and the situation between Russia and Japan in regard to Manchuria. The meeting was adjourned at half past eight, and the pupils retired to their beds.

Fanwood made its debut at the Ball and Entertainment of the League of Elect Surds, on Thursday evening, January 14th, at the Majestic Hall. A satirical farce of gymnastics was played by several pupils. Paul Hercules Dittmar, George Sandoz Rat, and John Attila Agrestio had the opportunity to display their remarkable muscles. Others deserve to be commended for their skill in playing their parts. The small boys of Company C drilled splendidly under the captaincy of Samuel M. Freedman on the ball room floor. The smooth wax floor somewhat made them slip and jostle each at each step, but hand clapping was still to be heard from every part of the house. The rest of the time was spent by the pupils in conversing with graduates of Fanwood, and the time was spent enjoyably. In drilling so finely the cadets add more glory to dear old Fanwood.

Thomas Butler, instructor in Field Music, was overjoyed by the advent of a bouncing baby. He was greeted by its arrival last Thursday, just twenty minutes after his return home at midnight from the League of Elect Surds' ball. He has our heartiest congratulations in his joy.

The girls shared the joys of skating over the smooth ice with flashing steel skates, and one might imagine they wore the winged heels of Mercury beneath their feet, should they have been, there with them. The place selected for their pleasure ground was the Central Park Pond, and the time was Saturday morning. The boys were not to be outwitted, and went there in the afternoon.

Cadet Joseph Zeiss has lately been appointed as treasurer of his class. The only drawback is that he mistakes fifty cent pieces for quarters, and quarters for half dollars, owing to the similarity between both. He must have been thinking of collars and cuffs, when he ought to have thought of money, and now hums the tune, "We need the money."

Miss Babcock and Mrs. Corey, Trustees of the Board of Directors of the Utah School for the Deaf, were visitors here Thursday afternoon. They were very much impressed by the educational facilities provided by this school, and seemed to take a great interest in the work.

Mr. Simon Mundheim, a pupil from the Kendall School, has just entered into athletic honors. He donned the gloves, and met some of the leading knights of the glove in boxing contests last Saturday. He knocked all out, and defeated them easily by several rounds. It is a hair-raising sport, enjoyed by all the pupils, to drive away the dull winter hours quickly. Challenges are coming quickly, while Simon still wears the laurels of victory over his head. It remains for anyone to snatch it.

A very fine gift framed picture of General George Moore Smith in military uniform, is to be placed in the boys' sitting room. He will always be remembered in his acts of kindness towards the boys in the awarding of medals for proficiency in the school of the soldier.

The Academic class room has been presented a fac simile of the Magna Charta, in a picture frame, and the Kindergarten has a picture of Froebel. Both are the gifts of Principal Carrier.

The heavy rain of Wednesday last made those toboggan coasters leap

with delight. The chill winter air froze it into ice, and made fine ground for coasting. The next morning every sleigh was hauled out, and put to use by rushing down the hill at a terrific pace.

The new Dormitory building is having its work pushed as rapidly as possible. The hall way connecting it with the Main building has been rendered light and airy by many windows. The work on the spiral stairways is nearly completed.

The iron stairway on the south side of the Academic building is progressing rapidly. It is expected to be completed before March.

The printing office is having constructed a ceiling of asbestos, making it fire-proof.

Mr. Jones rendered Victor Hugo's masterpiece entitled "Les Miserables," in the chapel, Sunday evening. It is to be continued serially every Sunday till the end of the book. S. C.

SOUTH HAVEN.

Dear readers of the JOURNAL: We want so sorely to tell you what happened to us, unfortunates, some time ago, but we prefer to wait until you get ready for the remedies as we do not wish so much to shock you to death.

Here is the story: For some time Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lee, who got their education from the Flint School, have decided to buy a cow, as they have a girl baby named Bella, who first saw the world on the 24th of August, and she was being brought up on the bottle, and it was so hard to get pure and good milk for the sweet little one. They thought that the little girl baby might grow fat and healthy. Mr. Lee confessed that he was not the best judge of cows in the country and wanted the benefit of "Chicago's" judgment in selecting one. Upon "Chicago's" suggestion they went over to the Lee park farm to see the ordinary cow, which chewed its cud, that drew the crowd last summer. The farmer was at home and he had that cow to sell.

"Was she a gentle and good milked?" inquired Lee.

"Oh, yes, sure," answered the farmer, "Gentle as a lamb under all circumstances, and chews her cud quietly like the cows in poetry."

At last Lee bought that cow for \$28 dollars and brought her home. The next day he was going to milk his cow and asked "Chicago" to be present, as his advice and judgment may be of use to him, as Lee confessed honestly that he does not understand exactly the science of milking. "Chicago" was somewhat that way himself, and determined to bring four books on dairying along with him. The cow stood by the barn chewing away on a handful of hay and swinging her tail peacefully.

"Now do see in these books which side shall I sit to milk?" asked Lee.

"Oh, I see each book did not say about it," said "Chicago."

"Well, I guess I may send for Burr, the modern Samson, who almost understood everything around in South Haven and has been here for twenty years," said Lee, and he then scampered to the house and brought Burr around.

"Now, Burr, tell us quick where shall I sit to milk?" asked Lee.

"I've looked at the cow, at Lee and then at 'Chicago' and said: 'It seems to me that it would be easier getting at her from behind.'"

"Behind her? Well, go on Lee," signaled "Chicago."

"Wait, let me see, if I sit behind her she may step backward!" argued Lee.

"No, if you sit behind her she may step forward!" suggested "Chicago."

"And swing her tail in my precious 'eyes that hear!'" pleaded Lee.

"I will hold her tail," offered "Chicago."

"Sure!" said Lee, signing the cross on his breast.

Burr then held the tail under the place where the milk was supposed to be her and seized a couple of pails and gave a good squeeze. He looked up laughingly at Burr and "Chicago" and spelled out with his right fingers "Is not it really good and jolly?"

Dear readers, you should have seen the terrible result! The cow rolled over on the head. Her heels went up high in the air and Burr was flung up through the small outside door into the attic of the barn, while "Chicago", after turning five swift somersaults brought up under the barn, and Lee was found buried into the deep snow bank one hundred feet off very much frightened, but no bones broken.

And he paid? It was found, after an hour's search, turned down upon the chimney of the next neighbor's cottage and painted white with milk. And where was the cow? She ran away and has never been found! Any one who finds her may own her, said Lee. The three sufferers kept their bed with a strong smell of camphor and arnica for three days.

It is said that an eastern astronomer has discovered that the planet Jupiter has six floors and a basement. "Chicago" believes if his telescope possesses sufficient power, he might, by a closer inspection, discover over the main entrance a

sign reading: "No pure oral method allowed."

The Colby family is shating hands with themselves delightfully, because a big photograph card of "Doctor Cureall" of Chicago greeted them as a New Year gift.

"BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Jan. 8.—The southbound fast passenger train on the Pere Marquette railroad Thursday afternoon struck Albert Ball while he was crossing the tracks at Coloma in a cutter. His horses were killed and Ball was carried to a drug store, where he died a few minutes later. He was about 30 years old, and leaves a widow and three children.

Ball was very deaf and could not have heard the train approaching, and this is the reason given for the accident."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard L.H. Long and two rosy-cheeked daughters, of Breedsville, were in South Haven one day last week with a party in a big bob sleigh. They surprised the Colby family and spent about one hour with them, which was a very pleasant one. Over the river and through the wood went the prancing horses, the jingling bells, the bob sleigh loaded with jolly visitors back to Breedsville, sixteen miles south of South Haven. Mr. Long is very much changed in appearance. He looks exactly like "Kris Kringle" in every inch of him. His bosom friend, Mr. Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club president, no doubt, will hardly recognize him if he happens to be in the Club rooms. He wears a beard—grey and grey hair. Many readers will remember Mr. Long who used to contribute the news to the JOURNAL for several years, before they moved to the country from Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Long like the country well and own a brick house and farm and live well and comfortably. His aged mother died recently. Dick is a staunch friend of the JOURNAL and wishes it long life and prosperity.

Mrs. Daniel Tellier returned home to Kalamazoo last week, after spending five weeks with her sick father-in-law in Iowa.

A "Flinch party" met and played at the house of the Colbys Saturday evening last. A hot refreshment was served.

"CHICAGO."

IRELAND.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BELFAST MISSION.

From the Northern Whig, Jan. 4.

On Saturday the annual business meeting of the Adult Deaf and Dumb of Belfast was held in the Mission Hall, Fishervick Place. There was a large attendance of the deaf, every available seat being occupied. The deaf and dumb are yearly present in large numbers at this meeting, thereby showing their appreciation of the noble work established by the well-beloved friend of the deaf and dumb, the late Miss Wilhelmina Tredennick. The Mission Hall is managed on the same lines as the Ulster Institution. A mixed board representing the three great Protestant Churches of Ulster controls its work, and it is attended by the deaf of all Protestant denominations, while many Roman Catholics frequent the reading-rooms and are helped in their search for employment, regardless of their religion. The chair having been taken by Mr. Francis Maginn, B. D., Superintendent.

The reports of the various societies for spiritual and temporal needs of the deaf were submitted to the meeting. The attendance at the Sunday services had never been better than during the past year, the average attendance on a Sunday afternoon being 90, while sometimes numbering from 150 to 180 on special occasions. The total attendances of the deaf during a week often reached 400. The men's Bible Class continued to be well attended, varying from 18 to 25. The average attendance at the prayer meeting was 40. Since the foundation of the Mission Hall work had been found in 294 cases, and 73 deaf-mutes had been apprenticed to good trades. This year 112 deaf-mutes had contributed £14 3s in annual subscriptions, the sums varying from 6d to 20s. The deaf contributed £170 to the building fund. This fact speaks volumes for their enthusiasm and devotion, and it ought to stir up hearing and speaking friends to help them more liberally, seeing that they do what they can to help themselves. The deaf contributed £27 towards the expenses of their annual excursion, the total receipts being £55 12s 11d. During the year £10 has been paid to the Home for the Blind for the support of a deaf-blind lad, who is now able to earn his own living. The deaf subscribed £3 and sent it to Australia to a deaf lad who was sent out there some time ago suffering from consumption, and who is much better and likely to recover. Two of the deaf have died during the year, William Barnett having been killed at his work, but through the kindness of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, his widow was well provided for. The other member removed by death was Isaac McCamley, who died after a lingering illness, and who

received £6 from his fellow-workers in the shipyard. The Sunday collections, which are contributed by the deaf themselves, have since 1892 reached a total of £85 11s 6d, £73 5s 9d of which has been employed in relief of deserving cases. Eleven new members have joined the Temperance Society, thus making the total membership in Belfast 101. Under the auspices of the Temperance Society lectures have kindly been delivered by Mr. T. H. Sloan, M.P.; Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Herring, of the Irish Temperance League. Under the auspices of the Literary Society, lectures have kindly been delivered by the Rev. J. E. Archer, B. D.; Rev. D. H. Hall, B. D.; Mr. E. C. Coleman, of India; and Mr. G. B. Healy, of Liverpool.

Mr. W. E. Harris, Hon. Secretary of the Missionary Society, reported that the total receipts amounted to £33 6s 9d.

Mrs. Harris, the Lady Superintendent of the Hall, submitted her report of work among the women and girls, stating that she had carried on the class for deaf girls started in 1888 by the late Miss Tredennick. The attendance varied from 16 to 20. The girls contribute £1 8s towards the support of Mrs. Mills' School for the Deaf in Chelmsford. Miss Allen, a fully-qualified deaf lady from London, has been appointed by the Board of Management to assist Mrs. Harris, in her work among the women. There are three deaf girls, resident in the hall—two Presbyterians and one Episcopalian. There is no other residential mission house for the deaf in Ireland.

Mr. S. E. E. E. B. A., Hon. Secretary of the International Bible-reading Association, reported that there were 103 members on the roll.

Miss Allen, Hon. Librarian, stated that there were about 130 books in the library; she earnestly appealed for some new ones.

Mr. Matthew Sands, Secretary of the Ephiphatha Free Gardeners' Society—a mutual help society—reported that since the foundation of the lodge in 1893 £510 had been paid into it and £290 had been paid away in sick benefits and £49 in funeral benefits.

Mr. James Savage, Hon. Treasurer of the Penny Bank, stated that during the year 1903 there had been 24 depositors, the total amount deposited being £52 10s. 4d. There had been withdrawn £24 18s.

Reports of the chess and draughts clubs stated that the silver medal for chess had been won by Mr. J. Millar, and the prize for draughts by Mr. Ben Stewart.

Reports of the Foot Ball Club and the Social Club were also presented.

At the close of the business part of the evening a cinematograph display was given by Mr. J. W. Symth.

RISKY JOB OF A DEAF-MUTE

TRENTON, July 25.—So far as is known, the only deaf and dumb man employed about a railroad is Louis F. Garreston, of Trenton, who keeps the six or eight tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad in front of the station free from rubbish. Despite his lack of a sense of paramount importance to a railroader, hearing, Garreston has passed thirty years at his hazardous occupation without meeting with an accident.

The deaf-mute spends ten hours each day of the year on the tracks. He is equipped with a broom and a sharp iron prong, with which he sweeps up the rubbish and picks up pieces of paper that lodge between the ties.

Hundreds of trains pass every twenty-four hours, and his safety lies in making his eyes do duty for his ears. Although he has had several narrow escapes from being struck by the Pennsylvania flyers, he keeps on with his work day after day with as unconcerned an air as ever.

Garreston always works along a track in the direction from which a train ought to approach him, but in the neighborhood of a large station like Trenton there is always more or less backing up on the tracks, and it is a mystery to the officials how Garreston going in and out among these switching trains, has escaped accident.

He is 49 and has worked at railroading for thirty-three years. When a lad of 16 he was water carrier for a wrecking crew.

As he was quick at comprehending the orders of the gang boss, he was placed with the crew, and got along as well as any of them. From the wrecking crew he went to other jobs on the railroad, until thirteen years ago he was made track cleaner at Trenton.

His wife is also a deaf-mute, but their children can talk and hear as well as children of parents with all their senses.

Services for Western New York.

St. Paul's, Buffalo—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on the second Sunday of the month.

St. Luke's Rochester—On the first Sunday of the month, Holy Communion at 10:45 A.M. on all other Sundays, Evening Prayer, 7:30 P.M.

Services at other points will be arranged by special appointment.

C. ORVIS DANTZEE, Missionary, 231 Grand Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Church Fair.

A Fair will be held at St. Ann's Church, for the Benefit of the Church Fund, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 11th, 12th, 13th. Useful and Fancy articles will be for sale. Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Season Ticket, 10 cents.

Special Notice.

The Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, will visit St. Andrew's for Deaf-Mutes, Chambers St., Boston, on Sunday, January 31st, 1904, at one o'clock P.M.

The Bishop will preach and administer Confirmation and Holy Communion.

S. STANLEY SEARING,
Minister in Charge.

DON'T FORGET THE

BASKET BALL GAME

Yorkville B. B. Team

(East Side Y. M. C. A.)

-VS-

"Silent Five"

Preliminary Game—

POLO A. A. vs. QUIET FIVE

POLO ATHLETIC ASS'N

129th St. and Park Ave.

Saturday Evening, January 23, 1904

AT 8.30

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

Position Wanted

TO TEACH A DEAF AND BLIND BOY OR GIRL.

A YOUNG lady who is conversant with the methods and systems of teaching the doubly afflicted deaf and dumb, desires a position to teach some little boy or girl thus afflicted. She is herself deaf and partly blind, but has full possession of her speech. She has taught before, and can give the best of references. Her terms will be very moderate, as she is very desirous of securing the only employment for which she is fitted. Address: MISS NORA HORTON, 222 Thirty-fifth Street, Newport News, Virginia.

Photographs

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ON
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AT 8:15 P.M.

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

Six rows reserved seats, 25 cents. Apply for tickets to

E. C. ELSWORTH,
239 W. 138th Street.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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Masquerade Ball AND Carnival

OF THE Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

AT THE New Leiderkranz Hall

123-124 Manhattan Avenue, corner Meserole Street, Brooklyn.

Saturday Evening, January 30, 1904.

MUSIC BY PROF. AMBROSE K. REIFF.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

(Committee of Arrangements.)
JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Chairman.
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Prizes will be awarded the best costumed lady and gentlemen portraying the subject they present.

How to Reach the Hall.

Take Ferry from foot of Roosevelt Street, or Grand Street, or East 23d Street, or 42d Street, or Houston Street. Arriving in Brooklyn take Bushwick Avenue Trolley cars. From the Bridge take the Graham Avenue trolley cars, and tell the conductor to stop at Leiderkranz Hall.

It is the intention of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club to make this occasion far surpass any ever yet undertaken, and in addition to the usual features, they have arranged for a grand carnival. Mr. Warren will have charge of the carnival end of the programme, and we think from present indications, will make things hum.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crozier, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x33 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A mounted sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 30 cents, or \$1.00 per batch's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, making 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

J. T. ELWELL,
421 North 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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